

High School of Gymnastics.
Ollerup
Denmark
% Director Niels Bukh.

Dear Mother & Glad,

I'm sending every detail of the trip home, for cat's sake don't let anyone read it but you, when you have an afternoon off and nothing to do.

I am feeling fine now - but maybe stiff to-morrow. We have the nicest place and the girls are great. Two more girls from Turkey have joined us. They are Americans teaching in the Y. there. I am the only Canadian. I love the work & only wish you could see how beautiful the place is. It is just perfect.

I hope to hear from you soon & by the way my cheques are running ^{out}. I'll be looking forward to the reinforcements. I got my ticket home, - sail Aug 6th

I have written all the bunk I can - love to everyone.

and heaps of love to yourselves

Bess

May 29th

First day: I'm on board! — finally — at last! To think that — two days ago — on Thurs to be exact, I was nearly crazy — only an hour to go and no friendly passport had greeted me. Was I standing on my ear? I'll say I was. I packed with fear. As I folded each article carefully I repeated, "to go, or not to go" — that is the question! All packed up — and no place to go. Two trains a day in the big town, one pulled out, leaving one — which pulled in Toronto four hours after the train left for N.Y. Ye Gods! In fear I drove to the post office and in fear I opened the box. — A Bulletin & an Enterprise greeted me, for the first time I hated the sight of a town paper! I stood glued to the spot in my despair, until finally some one tapped me gently on the shoulder: "It's here," were the glad words. My heart beat frantically once again and to my great joy I signed with a blessing for His Majesty's service.

It was then 1:30 P.M. with four hours to go or so miles over the worst roads. Punctures or luck? We had luck — went down in 3 hrs and no blue tickets to look forward to. ~~But done make!~~ We had time to run in to Aunt Louie & Aunt Kate. I boarded the train & found a cross eyed lady below me.

However she was lucky and the officials were kind so once more I crossed the border in safety & great joy.

My abode in N.Y. was a tenth floor room in the Martha Washington Hotel. Know Martha? This a dear old (emphasized) lady -- and so were her guests. It was lovely there & excellent meals & service. The baggage man was a scream, so Irish "My God my dear child, you'll not carry those bags" so I tained to the ferry when I left. I met Elise at school and we both were examined. (The doctor told me to drink more -- water. And me being strictly on the water wagon at all times.)

// An evening with a book & a box of candy was well spent & next morning I was fresh to start on my hike to the Danish Consul for a visa. I rode miles & miles on the same little nuckle on the subway & finally landed in Wall St. Of course I took the wrong street & found the right number a vacant office. In haste I turned away and by following ~~the~~ nose I arrived at the Danish Consul only to find my crusade in vain as my passport was already O.K. & my worries had been useless as ever. Back for my luggage & down to the boat.

3. my porter was about ripped. Again I met Elise & her family. Great was the excitement of saying goodbye. Elise had a time locating the family at the last and her maid managed to run off the last gang plank. The band played & people waved frantically. I took out my Red & white handkerchief (which greatly resembles a klanish flag) and waved to the crowd. (I was so glad to see Peggy and only wished she could have stepped off the dock with us.) I wanted to see N. Y. harbour, but - what can a growing girl do when a good dinner is being served so thus I was lured away from "Liberty" to sit at a table with klanish people! - and such a lingo! It seems all the crew indulge too. Elise & I then wound our way to the purser's abode. Peeped at the kitchen. Saw shining pans & the best of eats. We travelled bow-ward and came up thru stowage & 3rd cabin. The people looked quite nice too. The band played off & on - mostly off, and we watched the people below indulge in the odd waltz - mostly odd. The most popular pastime aboard is - to eat. The klanes seem to love coffee. Cf

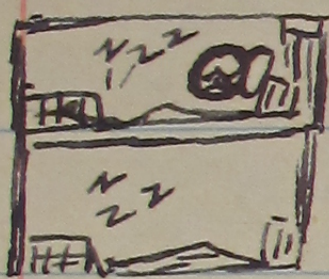
course we don't object and thus we are stimulated ever so often and - carry on nothing could be sweeter - a deck chair a warm blanket - and candy & flowers in your cabin! The Beta Nus. were perfectly sweet and gave me the most ^{lovely} gorgeous flowers, lilacs (mauve) snap dragons and white peonies. Isabelle sent me a darling little bag of silk spools ~~pulls~~ needles & thimbles & everything. Hot Patter said she sent a book but it didn't arrive in time. Got a nice letter from Buck too. It was Thrilling to be remembered at the last.)

To-night we had the most gorgeous dinner - soup, fish entree, capon peas & Danish cake. ~~how~~ if Danish cooking is the same in Denmark I'm willing to stay 6 mos. The cake was like our Boston cream pie only with a french pastry bottom. It was absolutely delicious. As we passed the 3 mi limit our other comrades made the best of it but we remained sober & stately & drank our coffee straight at the short intervals.

The band played loud & long on deck, the new song hits - "follow the swallow", maybe by request as we passed the 3 mi limit - or 12 mi out.

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The ^{orchestra} ~~shook~~ was a hot one & the drummer boy did his stuff reminding me of the late movie - "tramp tramp - tramp" - and I'll say the boys were marching. We did our daily dozen, an occasional sailor roll which was the bun getting warmer & warmer & peeling off coat & coat. Soon it was time to retire so I climbed above and soon was asleep.

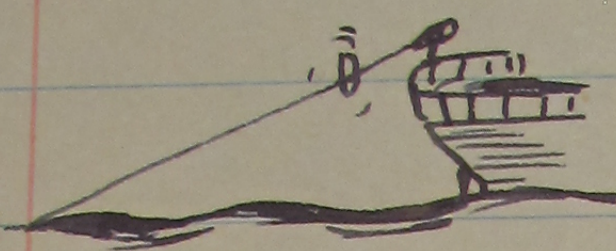


& bells and all is well.

May 30. / 26. 2nd day out — and not out yet!
Sunday. Was greeted this morning by many fog signals which kept up for ages. We heard one answering blast but our ship was saved & we did not clash. As I had a port hole over my feet I could see the moonlight reflected on the glass, shining and dancing. ~~The~~ being a long person could not bend the knees in the usual manner so did not have the heavy sleep I had the night before. I went walking this morning and made a discovery. I had noticed a line over the stern of the boat last night and tried to kid myself we were trolling for whales but

4.5

to-day I looked it over and found it was a rare speedometer & we'd gone about 350 miles.



It was a queer contraption on the stern of the boat - a long line with a wheel which spun about and an instrument which told the mileage.

We had bullion & crackers at 11. and I forgot the advice - don't eat liquids - just eat drink & be merry - to-morrow we may get seasick. After lunch we played lazy for a while, then feeling energetic & forgetting the sabbath we played bridge going on to the more strenuous forms of exercise such as skipping & ~~putting~~ ringing the peg etc. Gee were we hungry when we went to dinner - and oh the dinner! How I love blandish cooks? - soup (the forbidden fruit) roast duck and oh the parfait was simply delicious. We forgot the rising sea. The more we ate the better we felt and we ate everything that came along. We had to walk our strenuous dinner off and finally after many miles landed in the music room where cards & dancing were indulged in [thereby forgetting the day once more.] There were

really only two alternatives, - one - eat-drunk & be merry - or - the other - be and feel miserable. Of course we chose the first.] It was fun dancing in a head sea. For once the Charleston became impossible. Sometimes you were left completely in mid way air, the ship deserting you and plunging down from your feet. Then surprising you, it came up with a rush, putting you on your feet once more in such a rash manner as to bend your knees and injure your equilibrium. It is sad but true - dancing is really one of the highest Arts - especially on a steamer at sea. The orchestra was tip-top. Violins had joined the throng and we had reams of fun. Helaridy stopped at 11 P.M. and I slept like a log.

May 31.

Monday.

3rd day out - more & more wind. - more & more sea. Was walking on 1st deck, just rounded a corner in time to see a fat man at the next corner completely sopped by a huge ^{wave} boulder which came over & licked the window panes. Poor lad ran like a whipped puppy dog.

However in this case again, - an inch was as good as a mile. Again I did my lunch justice. We had queer green soup, must have been spinach. They had a plate of about 6 different mixtures of cold meat; funny bulogne kinds, called blausch sausage Swedish sausage & nearly every nationality well represented. There cheeses are varied, some queer looking varieties with many funny holes. I came up to the writing room to write and an old girl got quite chummy with me. She really ~~was~~ has a scream and I got tips about all the royalty of Europe from King Edward, the Czar and wife of the Crown Prince of Sweden who ran away to Paris with an artist. My writing gets more shaky, the waves become more mountainous but still - I carry on. Dinner was still rougher. We ventured in the smoking room. Before I went in I ran around the deck and bumped into the doctor. Fine looking. Nice Danish rosy cheeks & white teeth. The only obstacle was the missing hair on the top of his head. Poor boy. He could hardly speak English but we talked anyway. He took me down on the stern of

the boat. ^{where} There we saw an interesting couple. Stormy love he called it as the waves took us way up till the propellers pounded out of water then down again we'd go. It was fun. I was sorry I had to run away to dress for dinner. We really don't dress very much anyway. Just dinner dresses. Again we danced to-night and the doctor danced with me. He dances very well on a big sea. Sometimes we were suspended in mid air then we'd come down plunk. He was expert and you wouldn't even know the Atlantic was misbehaving. We all had fun but the air got a bit thick and so did my head so I decided it was time to go. I retired in a hurry and only got nicely curled up when Miss Lewis suddenly arose crying "Oji Gods", but at length was all right and lay down again. Our neighbors in the next room ^{were not enjoying themselves} hooped her up and we went to sleep to the lull of strained music 4 day out - and nearly all out. There were a great many missing at breakfast. The only thing I missed was because I was late & could only have a grapefruit. Since

June 1.
Tues



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